

CHARIVARIA.

"SOUTH POLE DASH"

was the heading given by *The Evening Standard* to its account of Captain AMUNDSEN's achievement. We fancy that "Dash" will prove to be a euphemistic version of Captain SCOTT's remark on hearing the news.

Dr. COOK, by the way, is said to be considering whether he shall have reached the South Pole before Captain AMUNDSEN.

Dr. AMUNDSEN has named the South Pole plateau after KING HAakon VII., in evident ignorance of the fact that it had already been named after KING EDWARD VII.—a fact which we should have thought any local guide-book would have mentioned. Still, in any event it is only a mistake of one word, and a purely family affair.

Whether the South Pole district will ever attract colonists in any numbers remains to be seen, but we would very much like to see Votes for Women and other attractions held out as an inducement.

Dr. DOVE has been elected a Vice-President of the Reichstag. The peace party are of the opinion that Mr. CHURCHILL cannot have been aware of this fact when framing his Navy estimates.

"IS IT PEACE OR WAR?" asked *The Pall Mall Gazette* at one stage of the coal crisis. The answer to the conundrum was, of course, "YES."

When it became known that, owing to the restriction of the train service rendered necessary by the strike, the Mosely v. Liverpool football match could not take place, it was realised locally that the strike would have to be ended.

Legal luminaries have been endeavouring to decide what are sardines. The problem is a difficult one. During the restricted train service many creatures have been packed like them who yet stoutly deny that they are sardines.

Speaking of the great men of Ayr at a House of Commons dinner to Lord PENTLAND, Mr. ASQUITH said the names of Mr. EUGENE WASON, Lord PENTLAND,

and ROBERT BURNS would go down to history. Why drag in ROBERT BURNS?

Printers really cannot be too careful. One of them described a famous tenor, the other day, as "the well-known sinner." Fortunately this singer was a foreigner, but if he had been one of our own countrymen the mistake would probably have attracted attention and led to a libel action.

Leaders of American Society, *The Daily Telegraph* tells us, are protesting against the extravagance of diamond-studded shoes. But surely it is better to be brilliant at the wrong end than at neither end?

More commercial candour. Extract from the advertisement of a certain music-hall:—"Interesting and other topical events on the Bioscope."

It is rumoured that the Suffragettes now contemplate embarking upon an ingenious method of raising funds for the cause. They are, it is said, about to form a company for the manufacture and supply of plate glass.

The productions, now on view, of the painters calling themselves the Futurists, are said to be pictorial representations of "states of mind." Unfortunately, the majority of these artists seem to have been out of that article when painting their pictures.

By-the-by, we hear that there is no love lost between the Post-Impressionists and the Futurists. The former openly accuse the latter of coolly sneaking their idea that a picture to be really good must be thoroughly bad.

The report that a portion of the Panama Canal is built over a volcano has caused some disquietude. But surely the clever American engineers will be able so to arrange it that, in the event of an explosion, the water in the Canal will automatically extinguish the fire?

"YOUNG SWEDS (19 years of age) wants to be received as PAYING GUEST with good family."

Advt. in "Sunderland Daily Echo."

This for some reason comes under the heading "Daily Produce," instead of "Vegetable Produce."

"The constable now preferred a further charge against the two girls of stealing a carving knife, a fork and two ornamental judges which he found on the top of a wardrobe in the bedroom in the hotel."—*Dublin Evening Mail*.
We always search the top of our wardrobe for judges before going to bed.

Good Brassy Lies.

"The Links have been greatly improved and replanned."—*Aberdorey Golf Club Circular*.



"LA SOURCE."

WITH APOLOGIES TO INGRES.

Many curious things have from time to time been sent by post. The limit, we should say, must have been reached during the Suffragette scare, when policemen were posted at many post-offices.

A publisher announced in *The Times*, the other day, in regard to a certain new poem, that he would repurchase "at their face value" twelve months after publication, if desired to do so, all copies subscribed for. Fancy if this had been done when TENNYSON's "Dream of Fair Women" appeared! Think of their "face value."

THE CONVERT.

I FOUND myself in the same drawing-room with Celia the other day, so I offered her one of my favourite sandwiches. (I hadn't seen her for some time, and there were plenty in the plate.)

"If you are coming to talk to me," she said, "I think I had better warn you that I am a Militant Suffragist."

"Then you won't want a sandwich," I said gladly, and I withdrew the plate.

"I suppose," said Celia, "that what I really want is a vote."

"Have mine; I can never do anything with it. The other man keeps slipping in by about three thousand."

"But it isn't only that. I want to see the whole position of women altered. I want to see—"

I looked round for her mother.

"Tell me," I said gently; "when did this come over you?"

"In the last few weeks," said Celia. "And I don't wonder."

I settled down with the sandwiches to listen.

Celia first noted symptoms of it at a luncheon party at the beginning of the month. She had asked the young man on her right if she could have some of his salt, and as he passed it to her he covered up any embarrassment she might be feeling by saying genially,—

"Well, and how long is this coal strike going to last?"

"I don't know," said Celia truthfully.

"I suppose you're ready for the siege? The billiard-room and all the spare bedrooms well stocked?"

Celia saw that this was meant humorously, and she laughed.

"I expect we shall be all right," she said.

"You'll have to give a coal party later on, and invite all your friends. 'Fire, 9-12.'"

"What a lovely idea!" said Celia, smiling from sheer habit. "Mind you come." She got her face straight again with a jerk and turned to the solemn old gentleman on her other side.

He was ready for her.

"This is a terrible disaster for the country; this coal strike," he said.

"Isn't it?" said Celia; and feeling that that was inadequate, added, "Terrible!"

"I don't know what's happening to the country."

Celia crumbled her bread, and having reviewed a succession of possible replies each more fatuous than the last, decided to remain silent.

"Everything will be at a standstill directly," her companion went on.

"Already trade is leaving the country. The Navy—"

"I suppose so," said Celia gloomily. "Once stop the supplies of coal, you see, and you drain the life-blood of the country."

"Of course," said Celia, and looked very serious.

After lunch an extremely brisk little man took her in hand.

"Have you been studying this coal strike question at all?" he began.

"I read the papers," said Celia.

"Ah, but you don't get it there. They don't tell you—they don't tell you. Now I know a man who is actually in it, and he says—and he knows this for a fact—that from the moment when the first man downed tools—from the very moment when he downed tools . . ."

Celia edged away from him nervously. Her face had assumed an expression of wild interest which she was certain couldn't last much longer.

"Now, take coal at the pit's mouth," he went on—"at the *pit's mouth*"—he shook a forefinger at her—"at the *pit's mouth*—and I know this for a fact—the royalties, the royalties are—"

"It's awful," said Celia. "I know."

Celia went home feeling a little disturbed. There was something in her mind, a dim sense of foreboding, which kept casting its shadow across her pleasantest thoughts; "Just as you feel," she said, "when you know you've got to go to the dentist." But they had a big dinner-party that evening, and Celia, full of the joy of life, was not going to let anything stand in the way of her enjoyment of it.

Her man began on the stairs.

"Well," he said, "what about the coal strike? When are you going to start your coal parties? 'Fire, 10-12.' They say that that's going to be the new rage." He smiled reassuringly at her. He was giving the impression that he *could* have been very, very serious over this terrible business, but that for her sake he was wearing the mask. In the presence of women a man must make light of danger.

Celia understood then what was troubling her; and as, half-way through dinner, the man on her other side turned to talk to her, she shot an urgent question at him. At any cost she must know the worst.

"How long will the strike last?" she said earnestly.

"That's just what I was going to ask you," he said. "I fear it may be months."

Celia sighed deeply.

I took the last sandwich and put down the plate.

"And that," said Celia, "was three weeks ago."

"It has been the same ever since?" I asked, beginning on a new plate.

"Every day. I'm tired of it. I shrink from every new man I meet. I wait nervously for the word 'coal,' feeling that I shall scream when it comes. Oh, I want a vote or something. I don't know what I want, but I hate men! Why should they think that everything they say to us is funny or clever or important? Why should they talk to us as if we were children? Why should they take it for granted that it's our duty to listen always?"

I rose with dignity. Dash it all, who had been doing the listening for the last half-hour?

"You are run down," I said. "What you want is a tonic."

Quite between ourselves, though, I really think—

But no. We men must stick together.

A. A. M.

THE SPRING TROUT.

Now that wintry clouds have lifted
To the joy of waiting herds,
And the March-scene has been shifted
Mid an orchestra of birds,
You may see me through the rushes
Lying "doggo" by the brink,
Popping up to scare the thrushes
Which are coming down to drink.

Though it's not for me to boast, I'm
Like no other fish I know,
For I find the yearly close-time
Most unconsciously slow,
While my brethren hold it treason
For the which I ought to die,
Just because I greet the Season
With a twinkle in my eye.

Though my parents hint of foemen
And the tricks that they devise—
How they tickle your abdomen,
How they tempt you with their flies;
Though the sadness of the platter
Dims the gladness of the pool,
Do the perils really matter
If I'm free to play the fool?

Should I see the portly Vicar
Silhouetted on the stream,
Oh! my scales begin to flicker
And my eyes begin to gleam,
For he'll track my merry gambols,
Never dreaming that he's mine
Till I've lured him to the brambles,
Till I've heard him foul his line.

But when summer brings an outlet
To the raptures of the burn,
And the fancy of the troutlet
Takes a sentimental turn,
Though the cast should ne'er deceive me,
Though the splash should damp my zeal,
Love may land me, love may leave me
In the Vicar's daughter's creel!



THE PLAIN DEALER.

[The Navy Estimates just issued are expressly stated by Mr. CHURCHILL to be conditional upon the naval programmes of other nations.]

OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
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Cobby (whose supper in the public bar has been untidily prolonged by a discussion on the possibility of the Coal Strike preventing the Lincolnshire Handicap). "WHY, DEARIE, YOU ARE LOOKING BAD! WOT'S THE MATTER WITH YER, DARLING! 'AVE YER FELL DOWN W'ILE YOU'VE BEEN STANDING OUT 'ERE!"

"GAMBOL."

I stood among the rapturous kennelled pack,
Rejecting love from many a slobbering jaw,
Caressing many a twisting mottled back
And gripping here and there a friendly paw.
But yet a well-known white-and-liver stern
I sought in vain amid the dappled scramble.
A sudden apprehension made me turn
And say, "Where's Gambol?"

Gambol—a nailer on a failing scent,
Leading by fifty yards across the plough!
Gambol, who erst would riot and repent,
Who loved to instigate a kennel row!
Who'd often profit by "a private view"
"Huic-ing to him" incarnadined from cover,
And when a "half-cooked" hare sat squatting, who
Through roots would shove her!

I turned with mute inquiry in my eyes,
Dire rumours of distemper made me dumb,
The kennel huntsman, chary of replicas,
Behind his shoulder jerked a horny thumb.
Such silence, though familiar, boded ill;
With doubts and fears increasing every minute,
I paused before a doorway—all was still
As death within it

Gambol was stretched upon a truss of hay,
But not the ruthless hound that I had known.
That snarling terrorist of many a fray
Now at my feet lay low, but not alone,
Then rose to greet me—slowly shaking free
Four sleek round shapes that piped a puling twitter—
And fawned, half shamed, half proud for me to see
Her brand-new litter.

THE PATRIOT.

HE used to be so bright, so gay, and is now so pensive. His eyes—those large luminous convex eyes—have new depths of melancholy in them and only with an effort light up in the presence of things of interest, such as a passing cat or a piece of roast chicken. His tail, once carried so proudly, like a plume in a victorious knight's helmet, now droops forlorn, and is even sometimes allowed to touch the ground. He does not keep himself so spotless as he used, nor is his sleep so sound.

Such is the unhappy condition of our Pekinese, one of the choicest specimens of that breed of spaniels which was brought to perfection by the noble solicitude of the divine Empress Tzu Hsi.

And what is the reason of his dejection? Unrequited love? Distemper? Not a bit of it; he has heard about the Chinese Republic.

THE BLUEBOTTLE.

IT will always be one of my saddest reflections that, but for the interference of a hibernated bluebottle, in a comatose condition, I must have won the Brahmapootra Vahz (or Vehz, or even Vawz, as our Scotch Secretary calls it.) The Brahmapootra Trophy (let us say) is of best E.P. silver, stands 2 ft. 9 in. and is heavily illustrated with what silversmiths call "golting scenes." It would be on my sideboard now but for that bluebottle.

It interfered on the sixteenth green, when I was one up, in the semi-final, against Major Tarbut, who had never been in a semi-final before, and was feeling his position very keenly—all the more so as he had played the odd from the edge of the green and was not nearly dead, whereas I had a twelve-foot putt for the hole. While I was looking at my putt from the wrong end, because BRAID always does that, and also because I was funking it badly, the bluebottle settled on my ball, exactly where I ought to hit it. I gave it time to find out that a Magenta Dot Minor is not edible; but it seemed to be stupefied.

Major Tarbut twiddled his putter and looked at me impatiently.

"There's a big bluebottle on my ball, Major. I suppose I can remove it?"

"Certainly not," the Major said sharply. "You know as well as I do that you can't touch your ball while it is in play."

"I don't want to touch my ball," I said mildly. "But if the brute won't fly away, I'm surely entitled to touch it, am I not?"

"No," the Major answered, with decision. "The bluebottle becomes part of the ball for the time being. If you touch it, you constructively touch the ball, and I must claim the hole."

"Rot, my dear chap!" I said. "This beastly fly is an agency outside the match, like a spectator—and I wish to goodness it wouldn't watch my play quite so closely."

"Is a hair-pin an agency outside the match?" the Major asked coldly.

"Of course it is," I said. "But we are not talking about hairpins. This is no time for sentimental reverie."

"I must remind you," the Major said, "that Tommy Andrews or Bobby Robb once found at Prestwick that his

approach shot had impaled itself firmly on a hairpin point, and he had to putt out with the hairpin sticking in the ball."

"How many putts did he take?" I asked.

"I'm not sure, but he did the hole in seventeen."

"Well, if you won't let me touch this fly with a little bit of stick, you'll have to wait till it goes away," I announced.



Starter (to short one). "Now, you give him two lengths' START."

Shorty. "WHAT! WHY, I DON'T STAND AN EARTHLY!—(a pause)—OH! YOU MEAN TWO LENGTHS O' THE EARTH!"

"You can't ask me to wait more than a reasonable time," the Major said. "In fact, waiting for a bluebottle to go away is constructively equal to sheltering during a medal round. In that case you will be disqualified, even if you win."

"It would be cheaper to touch the fly and only lose the hole, wouldn't it?" I asked.

"Look here," said the Major testily, "if I were at all a stickler for rules, I would claim the hole now. You've asked my advice about how to play, so you've lost this hole already. But I'll waive that point if you'll putt now without any more fuss."

"My dear chap," I said, "I can't putt with this bluebottle here. Think of the cruelty of it. I'm a humane man. And, besides, I don't know how much strength to allow for a bluebottle. I shall try threatening its life first."

"I warn you," the Major said, "that I shall be obliged to claim the hole if you touch that bluebottle."

"Look here," I said, "if a crow sat on my ball and would not go away, would you make me play the ball with the crow on it?"

"Certainly. You must play the ball as it lies, or give up the hole."

"And if a cow lay down on it?"

"That would depend on the age of the cow," the Major said cautiously. "You might be allowed to remove a three-year-old, but you could not touch a young cow, because you are prohibited by the rules from removing anything that is growing."

"Well, there's nothing like understanding one's position clearly," I said. "Anyhow, the fly has gone away now."

"Play the like," said the Major, failing to conceal his disappointment.

Unconsciously I must have allowed for the bluebottle, for I ran the ball five feet beyond the hole, missed the return putt, and the Major won the hole. He won the 17th, because I was still thinking about the bluebottle, and he halved the 18th because I was thinking what a fool I had been to let the Major win the 17th, through thinking about the bluebottle. And that is how I lost the Brahmapootra Vase.

The Major was magnanimous in the hour of victory.

"I hate having any disagreement about the rules," he said.

"I'd far rather lose a match than raise anything that might be called a quibble."

"Je ne pense pas," I murmured dreamily.

"You see," said the Major, as if arguing with himself, "I had the other semi-finalists to consider. It wouldn't have been fair to them to let you remove that fly."

"I wouldn't have told them anything about it," I said.

"It isn't the telling. It's the fact of it having happened," the Major said solemnly. "If I had allowed you to break that rule you might have won. And I know either Gaynor or Loftus-

Irons would far rather play me in the Final than you."

"Not at all," I said. "You're too modest about your chances. I'll back you to argue either of them out of the game. With your 13 strokes and a blue-bottle or two you ought to win hands down."

PARENTHETICALLY (BY JOVE).

Most of us are old enough to remember the story of the sporting reporter, unavoidably turned on to the fashionable wedding, who appended to his otherwise admirable account of the ceremony a list of the fascinating bride's rejected suitors, under the familiar heading, "Also Ran." No doubt a similar exigency impelled the handing over of the recent levee at Buckingham Palace to a Parliamentary sub-editor of *The Times*, who punctuated the description of each lady's costume by putting in the names of her dressmaker and milliner, as they do the constituencies of the Parliamentary debaters. The effect of this parenthetical mixture of "art is art" and "pizness is pizness" was so pleasing that we understand the idea is to be continued and extended. Thus the Thunderer breaks the shackles of that venerable superstition of Printing House Square, which regarded any allusion to feminine apparel as an irrelevant indelicacy, and shows us the Spirit of the Age in neat commercial blinkers. We suggest the following as a helpful guide for future reference when describing fashionable functions in the daily press:—

"There was a large and distinguished assemblage last night at Lady Tweedledum's soirée. Guests were received at the head of the stairs (Tottenham & Co.) by the jovial host (Château Lafayette 1884 and Bimm's Extra Dry Old Port) and by the handsome grey-haired hostess (Wigson), who, standing gracefully among the beautiful palms (The Phiteesy Boot Dépôt, Stubb's Corn Killer, and The Floral Decoration Company), and chatting agreeably to each newcomer (Mangnall's Questions, and "The Times" Meteorological Report) made everyone at once feel quite at home (Wilson's Depository and Brown's Daylight Removals). Among those present were the Countess of Torpenhow, smiling with evident charm (Nodont and the American Tooth Trust) at the elderly but still svelte and slender Lady Blessington (Blandish's Institute), and talking (Stentor's Megaphones) to the Dowager Duchess of Appledorf (Adder's Ear Trumpets) about the political outlook (Old Moore's Almanack) and gardening prospects (Dick's Seed Catalogue). Major-General Slapton, V.C.,



OUR VILLAGE.

Barber (who has just finished lathering). "I'LL HAVE TO BE LEAVING YOU NOW FOR A FEW MINUTES—I FORGOT TO FEED THE CHICKENS."

D.S.O. (Jones's Rapid Army Coaching) was a conspicuous figure (Burge's Grip Dumbbells) in the ballroom, where he was to be seen (The Owl Convex Lens Company), bronzed (Fling Whisky, extra old and vatted) and erect (Jenkinson's Whalebone Waistbelts), with his beautiful daughter Mona (Madame Massage and the Eureka Toilet Company).

The Earl of Gerstow's brilliant and accomplished daughter Elvira (Miss Knapp, L.R.A.M., The Burrelisp College of Languages, and Hickman's School of Shorthand and Typing) was one of the Bridge players (Cavendish & Company, and MacIsaac's Note-of-Hand Loan Bureau); but the Countess, her mother, who wore her celebrated raven tresses in the new spiral curls (Dipp's Indelible Hair Dye and Bind's Curlers) preferred Hunt-the-slipper. Young Lord Sleaford (Eton, Oxford and the London School of Economics) was in particularly arresting conversational

form ("The Times" Encyclopædia Britannica, in monthly instalments, and the Carburetted Vino Tinto Company), and kept the distinguished company in roars of laughter by his witty and agreeable sallies (*Punch*).

There can be no doubt that this at present novel treatment of Court and fashion news lends piquancy and charm to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative. It is certain to become quite a feature of the up-to-date journalism of the sweet By-and-Buy.

"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in response to repeated calls for a speech, said he could never have carried through the duties of his office without the sympathy and unfailing health of his great political chief."—*Glasgow News*.

The Chancellor: And how are you to-day, Sir?

The Premier: Thank you, I am in unfailing health.

The Chancellor: Good! Then I can go on with my Insurance Bill.

THE PATH TO REALITY.

(Hints for the representation of our everyday joys and sorrows in the Greek form.)

IV.—THE BAZAARIANS.

PERSONS OF THE PLAY.

A Member of Parliament; his Wife; an Opposition Candidate; a Messenger; Chorus of Stall-holders and Buyers of both sexes.

SCENE—A large hall arranged for the purpose of a Bazaar.

MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

WHEN first I asked my countrymen to make me an M.P. Full many were the great affairs that they discussed with me. Tariff Reform, the Pension Act, the Publican, the Peer, Our Navy's wretched weakness and the proper strength of beer,

On these and many other things they over-taxed my strength With lists of cunning questions framed at formidable length. To Cricket Clubs and Football Clubs they forced me to subscribe

(Which is a clumsy spelling of the obsolescent "bribe"); They spoke their mind on corn and coal and candidates and cars,

But never said a single word to indicate Bazaars. Yet now, where once I lived at ease, I shudder and despair; My days are spent in purchasing the things I least desire. I smile and pay, and pay and smile, and still I must prepare To open every new Bazaar and make my pockets bare.

THE WIFE.

But I, an M.P.'s wife, an M.P.'s daughter,
Take to Bazaaring as a duck to water.
Curbing my thrift, I join in every raffle,
And ride extravagance upon the snaffle.
Last week I bought a coverlet of green,
A kitchen dresser and a boudoir screen,
A picture of my husband done in full size,
A 10-lb. plum cake and a bag of bull's-eyes;
A book on Duels and the force of honour-laws,
Two ties—one new, and one of Mr. BONAR LAW'S,
And (of such implements the prince and pith)
A hunting crop once cracked by F. E. SMITH.

HALF CHORUS OF STALL-HOLDERS.

Lo, now the stalls are dressed with wares for the selling,
and all is prepared. And behold the crowd is trooping in,
ardent for the purchase. Whence have ye come, ye much-desiring ones, and with what spoil shall ye return, deceived and boasting of bargains? For to us last night as we slept there came a dream, yea, to all of us alike it came and Hera stood beside us bidding us duplicate the cost of all things. And to us pondering the word of the goddess is a wise word,

HALF CHORUS OF BUYERS.

For us now the hour of the sacrifice approacheth; yet are we not afraid, having enough of gold and silver in our purses. Make ready your stalls, ye that are to sell, yea, make them ready, for a wild desire of many things useless is come upon us, and our hands hardly withhold themselves from the purchase. But, lo, the many-voted, the beloved, is drawing nigh, he who is all things to most men, but the envy of the few pursueth him. Let us all, having shouted loudly, be still and listen to his words of opening.

M.P. O Mr. Mayor, and ye thrice worthy folk,
My duty is to say that this Bazaar
Is, or, when I have finished will be, open—

Opposition Candidate (stepping forward and interrupting):
Stay, for my story has to be revealed!

M.P. Story, forsooth! Thou pratest foolish things.

O.C. Folly is meant for fools; no fool am I.

Chorus. Shall we not tear the interrupter down,
Who keeps us idle and defers the spoil?

M.P. Nay, let him speak, since such a course is best.

O.C. Friends, I disclose a dreadful tale of crime.
This man so honoured and so oft acclaimed
Did with fell purpose in his early youth
Maliciously destroy a cricket-bat!

[A general cry of horror arises.

Yea, with a clasp-knife he defaced the bat,
Wreaking his rage upon the willow wood.
Then, piling crime on crime, the bat he took
And thrust it on a burning rubbish-heap.
Nothing emerged save ashes. I have said.

Chorus. Woe is us, woe, woe! Dreadful things we are forced
to hear! Surely the gods were far when this
crime was completed. But now they will punish,
yet we know not how their vengeance will fall.

M.P. 'Tis true that at the early age of eight—

Who knows what things at such an age betide?—

'Tis true my father struck me with a bat.

That was his favourite form of punishment,

A good old man, but thoughtless in his wrath.

I being punished knew not what I did,

And when my father went I took the bat

And cut and burnt it in a blazing fire.

[Cries of anger from the multitude.

I had forgotten it, but now I go,
Since there is no forgiveness for such sin.

[He goes out.

CHORUS.

What refuge is left to such a producer of iniquity? Yea, where shall such a man hide his wickedness? For the pleasant haunts of men cannot endure him, and the very caves inhabited by night-wanderers will reject him. Surely this will be a lesson to the young, for a crime once committed cannot be effaced, and punishment with heavy weight crushes those that have exalted themselves above their fellows.

Messenger (rushing in). From the river-side I come, bearer of dreadful tidings.

Chorus. Speak on, for of terrors it seemeth there is to-day a superfluity.

Messenger. I beheld him that was our Member striding swiftly river-ward, and holding converse with himself.

Chorus. Doubtless he spake words of ill-omen, having been convicted of crime.

Messenger. That I know not, but what I saw I will relate.

Chorus. Yea, to relate is best for those who have been witnesses.

Messenger. Thither as he strode, the River-god, rising from the waters, seized him and dragged him down. (Sensation.)

CHORUS.

Now is the doom prepared of old accomplished.
Wondrous indeed are the ways of the gods whom naught escapeth. But for him, since his seat is now vacant, let there be oblivion.

R. C. L.

Turning eagerly to our *Newbury Weekly News* in order to learn what Leckhampstead has been doing, we are disappointed to read only the following:—

"THE RECENT CONCERT.—Omission was unfortunately made, in the report of the recent concert, of his kindness in laying on the electric light, a boon which was specially pleasing and appreciated by the large audience."

It seems almost more of a pity to omit his name.



Husless (to one of her small guests). "NOW, DEAR, WILL YOU HAVE SOME BREAD-AND-BUTTER TO FINISH UP WITH?"
Small Guest. "NO, THANK YOU. I WILL HAVE SOME CAKE TO BE GOING ON WITH."

SPRING AND THE MAN.

Young man, I have news to depress you;
 For years you have sat on your shelf,
 But now is the time when, I guess, you
 Will find that there falls to yourself,
 However improperly fitted,
 The rôle of the amorous dove
 (A rhyme which is rarely omitted
 When broaching the topic of love).

She cannot be kept at a distance
 Unless you are happily dumb;
 A fig for your powers of resistance,
 For Spring has undoubtedly come!
 And now is your time to be carried
 Away by a slip of the tongue,
 And find you are booked to be married.
 (Young men are so painfully young.)

Ah, when it was snowing and raining,
 You practised the arts of restraint,
 Nay, dreamt of for ever maintaining
 Your methods of tactics and feint.
 And "Never," you said, "will I do it!"
 But this a thing which occurs;
 The truth is, if only you knew it,
 That all of the doing is hers.

Your laugh, it is boastful and airy,
 You venture a sceptical "Pooh!"
 You say that you're worldly and wary,
 Such things cannot happen to you.
 The safety in which you are basking
 Is, putting it vulgarly, rot.
 My boy, she is yours for the asking,
 Nay, whether you ask her or not.

A smile and a couple of kisses
 Will squash you for ever. But there!
 So much I forgive you. Yet this is
 The worst of the sordid affair:—
 Where shame might be fairly expected,
 You (such is the poison of Spring)
 Will strut as a man who's effected
 A very remarkable thing!

THE SEPARATION.

It seems only the other day that he
 and I first became acquainted with
 each other. He was so bright, so
 polished, and presented so firm a front
 to my gaze, that I took to him at once.
 He has long been my bosom friend.
 Many a happy social evening have I
 spent with him. We have appeared

together at dinners, dances and the
 thousand natural crushes that flesh
 is heir to. He has, of course, occa-
 sionally met with reverses; he has,
 in fact, been so badly crushed himself
 when fulfilling his public engagements
 that I have felt sorry for him.

But no one can say that he has not
 led a clean and spotless life, and I for
 one have never liked "to take him
 off" for any slight blemish that
 may have appeared in him now and
 then; the best of us have our faults,
 but the only bad fault I ever found in
 him was that at times, perhaps, he
 was a trifle too stiff.

And now his day is done. I noticed
 a short time back that he was looking
 worn and thin. I felt that it was not
 fair to compel him to undergo the
 rigours of another London season. I
 made him stay at home. Alas! he
 looks like a rag. I think, in fact, I
 shall use him as such.

Requiescat in pieces! I decline to
 wear him any longer; in fact, I must
 buy myself a new dress shirt.



"THEY'VE RUINED THEIR CAUSE NAH, ALBERT. THEY'VE LORST MY SYMPAFY. I'VE DONE WI' WIMMIN!"

THE PEACEFUL END.

(Or thoughts on being very nearly run over by a four-wheeler.)

THAT was a shave, a very narrow shave;
Yet if I should be doomed to die by tumbling
Amidst the Babylonian-traffic's wave,
I would the honour might be thine, thou rumbling
Antique affair,

Thou venerable cart, thou curio rare!

Think of the pathos. 1912 A.D.

The air with petrol ever growing fouler,

Obit ERNEST SMITH (we'll say that's me),

Through misadventure with a mouldering growler,
Biffed in his bloom,—

Yes, I should like those words upon my tomb.

With flying coat-tails from the taxi's bleat

All day we scamper madly; motor-buses

Sniffle at every corner of the street

With dreadful snorts, like hippopotamuses,

And landaulettes

Start from their ambushes like Suffragettes.

And none knows when an air-ship from the blue

May smash us into unexpected jelly,

But thou—thou almost gentler to the view

Than ox carts in a bioscope of De'hi,

And far less swift,

Under thy calm assault from life to drift

That were full well. How tranquil was thy steed!

A wagon-load of apes would not make him shy;

Hollow his ribs were, he was broken-kneed,

And very maudlin was the son of NIMSHI

Who drove at me

Not (as things count in these days) furiously.

Yet, drowsy as he was, I think a gleam

Lit in his optics as he saw me double

Back to the saving flag-stones: oil and steam

Have seared his heart and bowed his head with
trouble.

Yet even thus

He keeps strange pride in his Bucephalus.

And when he nearly got me, I can swear

He said, "This life of ours ain't extra juicy,

The taxicabman collars every fare

And all the joke of accidents; but, Bucie,

Cheer up, old son,

We'll smite some party yet before we've done."

And so, I say, I had been well content,

If Fate had lived just then to hoist my number,

Not by a rude uproarious taxi's dent

To perish, but to pass to popped slumber,

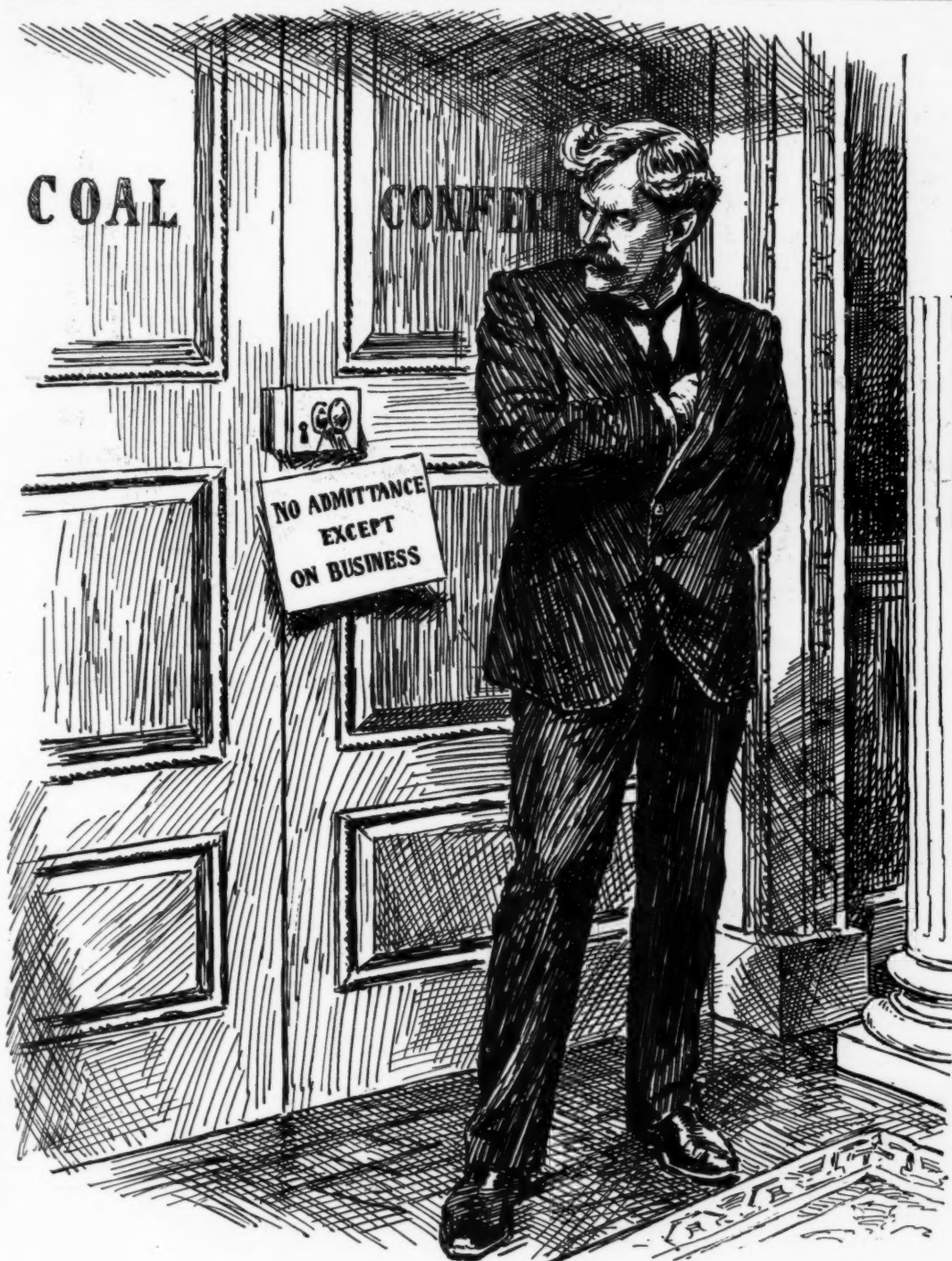
Genteelly slain

Under thy lingering wheels, Victorian wain!

EVOE.

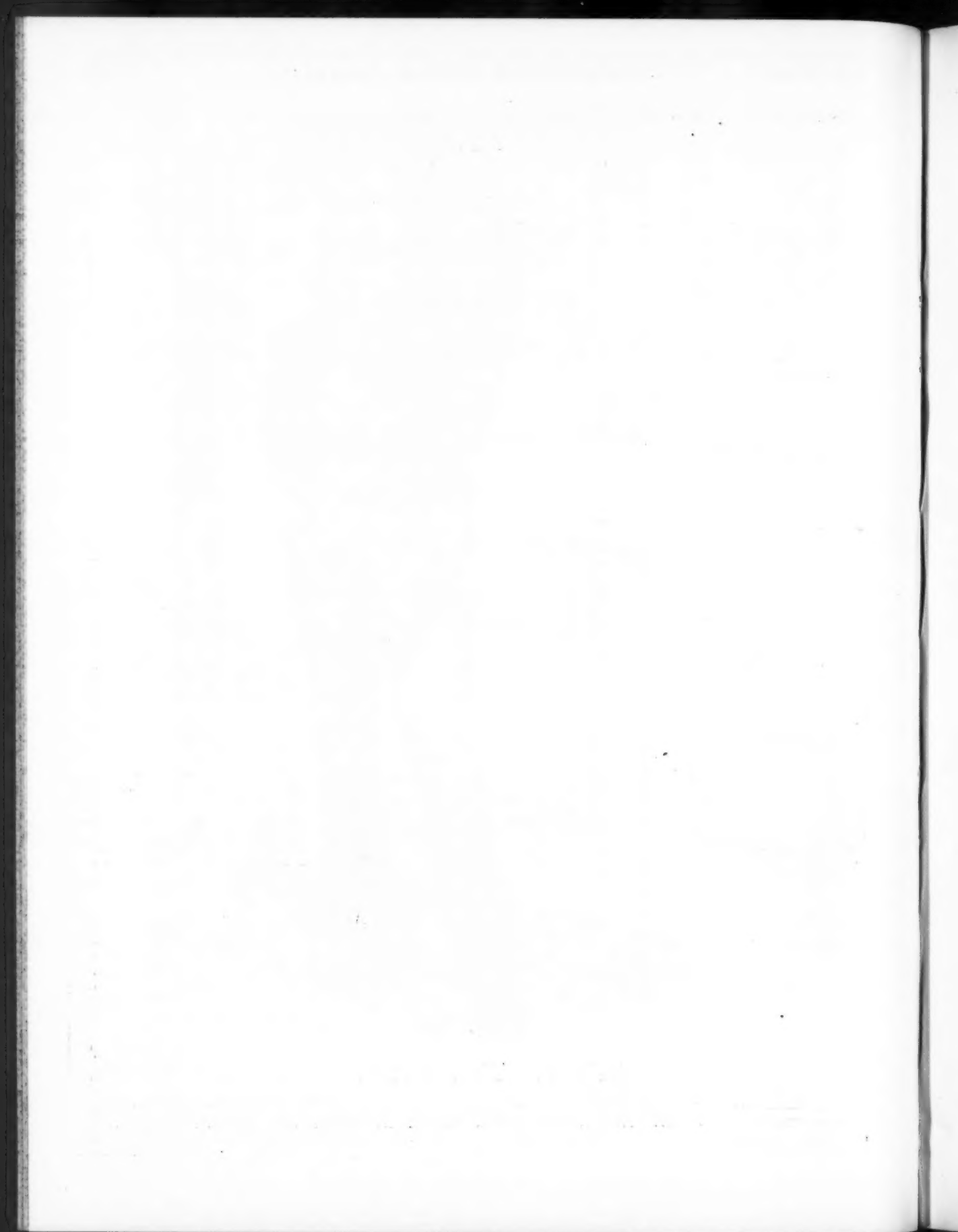
"His art poems, including not only 'Andrea del Sarto' and 'Fra hippo hippy,' but about forty others."—*Southport Visitor*.

Uniform with "Fra hippo hippy"—"Kipper passes" and "Rabbit ben Ezra."



OUT IN THE COLD.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (*Leader of the Parliamentary Labour Party, smarting under a sense of his own futility*). "IF I CAN'T GET THE GLORY, THEY MIGHT AT LEAST LET ME HAVE SOME OF THE BLAME!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Commons, Monday, March 11.—Ulster suddenly smitten with fit of deep depression. More marked as following upon burst of high spirits. Last week PREMIER, questioned on subject, announced that Welsh Dis-establishment Bill would be introduced before Easter, Home Rule Bill relegated to the dark beyond.

Ha! Ha! Ulster saw it all. After long wrestling with Irish Nationalists who want everything, and influential section of Ministerialists who draw a line at fixed points (notably at control of Customs), the Minister, all forlorn, had in despair abandoned self-appointed task. Introduction of Home Rule Bill indefinitely postponed.

And here to-day is the PREMIER, in matter-of-fact tone and manner suitable to reference to Gas or Water Bill, announcing that he will submit his Home Rule scheme immediately on resumption of brief adjournment for Easter.

"There has been no change of plan by the Government in regard to this matter," he quietly added. "The date I have mentioned is a date always contemplated and intended by the Government since the opening of the session."

"Imperturbable as ever," said SARK. "Reminds me of time when I lived in the Quartier Latin of Paris, and how, crossing the Place du Trône, where stood the statue of PHILIP AUGUSTUS, we used to sing in chorus:

Car il est en pierre,
en pierre;
Pour lui ce n'est pas
amusant.

Nothing upsets
equanimity of our
STONEWALL AS-
QUITH."

Business done.—
Vote on account
Civil Service esti-
mates submitted.
Administration of
Local Government
Board attacked by
Labour Members,

who never forgive old pal JOHN BURNS for his plumed hat, his Court dress, his rank as Cabinet Minister, and his £5,000 a year. JOHN, ever ready for a tussle, hits back straight from shoulder. Incidentally commends himself to kindly consideration of House as "a practical, simple, energetic man."

Tuesday.—Amid clash of party war-



"THE (REAL) DIGNITY OF LABOUR."

"A practical, simple, energetic man."

(The Rt. Hon. JOHN BURNS.)

fare pleasant now and then to come upon evidences of true patriotism. There's CATHCART WASON, for example, for whom the Islands of Orkney and Shetland, still spared the fate of Palmyra, are centre of universe. Alert to see they do not miss fair allotment of anything going. BROTHER EUGENE says he believes that if the mainland

to be had for the asking, Shetland and Orkney will, like the gentleman who had a sample of fine cognac served to him in a liqueur glass, "take some of that in a moog." To-night CATHCART extorted promise from SECRETARY TO TREASURY that a Lecturer should be forthcoming at earlier date.

Then there's CHARLIE BERESFORD. Something brought unwonted tear to stony Saxon eyes in tribute incidentally paid to native talent of his countrymen.

Talking about varied form of rifle trajectory, he said: "In Ireland they are very good at throwing a stone to hit a man on the point of his nose or to break a lamp; but," added CHARLIE, drawing himself proudly up to full height, "that was all done with the eye."

No trajectory needed for your true-born Irishman when, half a brick in hand, he desires to blunt the point of a neighbour's nose.

In course of speech CHARLIE dropped into charming reminiscence. Personally, he said, he had considerable experience with the rifle since, fifty-three years ago, he joined the Service. Beginning with a sling and a stone and practising on all the lamps in his own and adjoining parishes, he next took to the bow and arrow. Thence passed on to the old muzzle-loading rifle, the Snider, the Martini-Henry, the Lee-
Metford, the Lee-Enfield and the Magazine rifle. Here and there *à propos de bottles* he dropped specimens of "The Things that Matter" more than usually worthy of italics. For example:

Nothing will better secure peace than a good automatic rifle.

Every officer on full pay ought to keep his mouth shut and his pen dry.

What's the use of rapidity in rifle-firing if you don't hit your man?

FIRST LORD is considering desirability, in interest of the Service, of having these axioms printed in large type, framed, glazed, and hung in every ward-room of His MAJESTY'S ships.

Business done.—Having voted army pay exceeding by a trifle seven million sterling, the pleased House got itself counted out at 9.20.

Thursday.—During one of the drear quarters of an hour of the sitting, PRINCE ARTHUR, with characteristically



"ALL DONE WITH THE EYE"; or, TRAJECTORY BE BLOWED!

Charley E. "Shure, it's just a way the boys have in Oireland—by the loight av Nhature!"

were favoured by visitation of small-pox CATHCART would insist that Orkney and Shetland should have their full share of the plague.

Failing that, there are these Expositors of the Insurance Act of whom we hear so much, going about the country delivering free lectures. If there's anything which costs nothing



"BROTHER EUGENE."
(The Rt. Hon. EUGENE WASON.)

casual air, strolled in, seating himself on almost empty Front Bench, just as if he had been there every day since the 25th October, when last seen on the premises.

Chamber nearly empty. But both sides heartily joined in cheer of welcome. Did not stay long, and no wonder. Something sepulchral in dulness of House just now.

Business done.—Army Votes passed Report stage.

Friday.—Man and boy, as the old saying runs, I have known the House of Commons for forty years. Always struck by its quick sympathy with anything deserving. Is particularly tender towards young Members more or less timidly feeling their way along. Whilst regardless of hereditary rank, caring naught whether one is a Duke's son or a cook's son, it has slight tendency to preference for the former. That is, if he be equal in ability to a competing commoner.

In NEHEMIAH'S narrative of the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem there flashes across the dun mass of detail illuminating spark that momentarily lights up the scene. Describing how the Fish Gate was builded, recording the names of those who laid the beams thereof, the doors thereof, the locks thereof and the bars thereof, the Prophet adds, "But their nobles put not their necks to the work."

We of this generation have heard unconscionable echo of this cry of the Democracy. "They toil not, neither do they spin."

When in the Commons exception to alleged rule is attempted it receives prompt, kindly encouragement. Thus TULLIBARDINE, heir to a dukedom beyond the Tweed, has, more especially this session, commanded attention by

activity at Question Hour. Enlightened curiosity of late centred upon action of Treasury in engaging lecturers to explain intricacies of Insurance Act. When opportunity presented itself, TULLIBARDINE joined in chorus of denunciation of the Act from Opposition Benches. Occurs to him that perhaps if he were acquainted with its provisions and their bearings he might be in a position to exercise even more intelligent criticism. Why should he neglect provided opportunity?

Accordingly, asks SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY "whether in order that the public"—note modesty of this way of putting—; does not obtrude his own personality; it's the public he's thinking of—"may take full advantage of the lectures that are delivered by the experts under the National Insurance Commissioners for Scotland, he will cause the dates, time, place and names of the lecturers for the ensuing week to be published every Saturday in the press."

MASTERMAN, READY as usual, sees point and courteously concedes it.



MASTERMAN READY—FOR MARTYRDOM AT QUESTION TIME.

"It would not," he said, "be possible to make the ordered arrangement suggested. But when the lecturers visit West Perthshire the noble lord shall have private information of the details he particularises, and so be able to attend the lectures."

Blush of pleasure mantled TULLIBARDINE'S ingenuous countenance, whilst murmur of approval ran round crowded benches.

Business done.—The Housing of the Working Classes Bill, brought forward by Opposition and branded by WEDGWOOD as "the first-fruits of Tory Democracy," read a second time, and referred—against the advice of the practical, simple, energetic one—to a Standing Committee. Rare and refreshing victory for first-fruits.

THE LONG ARM OF COINCIDENCE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I feel it is only fair to myself to tell you how much more surprising my coincidences are than *The Daily Mail* lady's, who is only interested in sevens, because in my case there are two remarkable things; everything is first, and last, &c. I am the first and last child of a first and last child who was also (probably) a first and last child, for I believe in heredity, but cannot trace my grandfather. I was born for the first and last time on the first day of the last month in 1889, a year whose first and last numbers are the first and last numbers there can be. (After 9 you have to begin again, don't you?) The first and last letters of the alphabet come in both my first and last names—Zara Mackenzie—and are the first and last letters of my first name, and the first letter is the first and last letter of my middle name—Ada. I live in Baselby (pronounced Bazelby), and the first and last letters of its name are also the first (but one) and last (but one) of the alphabet, in the first house (of any importance), in the last street (of any size) which Mother let me change from Beau Site to Zaza Lodge. In my own snuggery, which is the first room on your right as you enter the hall and the last on your left as you leave it, everything fits into the coincidence. I have pasted up a cunning frieze of asses and zebras, and insisted on an Azminster carpet. (X is so near Z and so uncommon, I let it count.) I left school (my first and last) when I first put up my hair, and brushing it is the first and last thing I do every day. My first and last uncle (on my mother's side) came to see us, and he helped too, for he said it was the first and last time he'd ever do it, and that a brewer's house was the first place you'd expect to find decent beer in and the last place where you would.

Of course I could make a huge list of things I've done for the first and last time; for instance—

Had my twenty-first birthday.

Got a present from my god-parents. Eaten caviare.

Gone roller-skating.

Been to *Fanny's First Play*.



A FEATURE OF THE FORTHCOMING THIRD ANNUAL SIMPLER LIFE AND HEALTH EXHIBITION WILL BE A BACHELORS' PARADISE, WHERE YOUNG MEN WILL BE TAUGHT VARIOUS HOUSEHOLD DUTIES. IF THE WOMEN INSTRUCTORS ARE SUFFICIENTLY ATTRACTIVE, AS WE ARE QUITE SURE THEY WILL BE, THE BACHELORS' PARADISE OUGHT TO BE EXCEEDINGLY POPULAR.

Read *The Last Days of Pompeii*.
(He's one of my favourite authors.)

Of course I am a first- and last-nighter at all the really nice musical comedies, and my favourite places of amusement are the Academy and the Zoo. It makes life awfully exciting doing everything, like going to *The Miracle* for the first and last time. I wish I had continued the sequence by marrying for the first and last time the first and last man I ever loved; but actors with Z in their names are very rare. I always make coincidence the first and last subject of my conversation, and my list of people I've met for the first and last time is growing splendidly long.

Now I hope I've proved from first to last that my coincidences are tremendously interesting.

ONE WHO HAS ADMIRERD YOU FROM
THE FIRST; ONE WHO WILL
ADMIRE YOU TO THE LAST.

P.S.—I forgot to say that quite my favourite serious book is Mr. H. G. Wells's *First and Last Things*.

THE BABY GOAT.

Four alders guard a bridge of planks
And waveless waters filmed with brown,
A rugged lawn's uneven banks
Slope gently down,
And there, still chafing at the chain
That girds his slim pathetic throat,
They've picketed our friend again—
The baby goat.

Treading alone the watered vale,
Betsey and I, beside the marsh,
Often we linger to bewail
His durance harsh;
What plaints allure my baby's feet,
What tethered struggles claim her sighs,
What shrill protestant whinnies greet
Her long good-byes.

Once we repassed the lonely ground
Below the alders where he feeds
And spied his stunted horns girt round
With flow'ring weeds;
Two merry wenches and a child
Caressed his grey ill-fitting coat,

And, lolling in the sedge, beguiled
The baby goat.

Now, for long days companionless,
His soft blunt nose, his agate eyes,
His raised remonstrant brows express
The sad surprise
Wherewith the desolate green waste
O'erloads his heart who, at the edge
Of stagnant waters, kneels to taste
The thankless sedge.

His mother is his chiefest lack,
Who in some heathy upland place,
Tidied his sturdy socks of black
And licked his face;
He turns to see us saunter by
The level highway hand-in-hand—
I think the baby goat knows why
We understand.

"To housewives who do not possess scales the following may be of use: 1 penny piece and one three-penny piece together weigh 4oz.; 1 florin with one sixpenny piece 4oz.; 3 pennies weigh 1oz.; 12 pennies weigh 1lb."—*Daily News*.

The coins should be poised carefully in the left hand, and the butter or treacle in the right.

FRUGALITÉ À LA FALLIÈRES.

THE French journal *Gil Blas* is responsible for the announcement that at the end of his term of office early next year, President FALLIÈRES will, on leaving the Elysée, go to live in a small flat of five rooms in the Boulevard St. Germain, a cook and a housemaid sufficing as the staff of this unimposing residence.

In this the esteemed PRESIDENT is, after all, only reflecting the spirit of modesty of which our times are redolent. On all hands there is evidence that the blatant public life of the twentieth century is telling upon its victims. Several coal-mine owners have already unwillingly contemplated the advantages of the PRESIDENT'S scheme, but more revelative perhaps are the enthusiastic avowals that follow, called from eager adherents to the Fallières Frugal Fraternity, as the movement is to be called.

MR. ASQUITH'S recent purchase of a maisonette at Golder's Green, for example, is not without due significance. The PREMIER wishes it to be distinctly understood, however, that this does not point to any immediate catastrophe such as the more sanguine amongst us might be led to expect.

SIR HERBERT TREE: "For me, quite a minor blackamoorish palazzo in Venice will suffice: or perhaps a small but efficient blasted heath somewhere in Caithness. I really haven't decided yet: come and see me again after the Second Act."

MR. CLEMENT SHORTER: "Yes, I give you full authority to make the important announcement: a hut in Bucks. Kindly add that the biggest, fattest and brightest of illustrated papers will, notwithstanding, go on absorbing all others."

MR. BONAR LAW: "Not for a long time yet. But, if and when, it will be something unostentatious in the Golf Pavilion style, with a spacious out-house for the cold storage of Press cuttings."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON: "A small flat? . . . Yes, I like the paradox."

SIR JOSEPH LYONS: "The buzz and the brilliancy of the Trocadero certainly pulls. Am going caravanning—strictly on the table-d'hôte system throughout."

MR. H. HAMILTON FYFE: "Now that the age of Miracles is past, have decided to lie low for a considerable period."

MR. JOHN BURNS: "Fully agree with you that we live too luxuriously. Am retiring to a little place in Surrey; cutting down staff of domestics to fifteen at the outside; with small

poultry run and only a few motors. Shall habitually wear only plain Court dress in future."

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT: "I have only sixteen plays and four hundred and forty-five commissioned novels to dash off—then hey for Potter's Bar and a bed-sitting-room."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL: "I want to feel at home after the rush and struggle of public life. A small shebeen in the North of Ireland, or furnished apartments at Brighton, with a good view of our glorious shipping, will content me."

THE NEW MOTIVE.

If your country is involved in a crisis, it is your duty to step round to your local debating society and speak out your mind like a man. There is one of these in our street, and it fulfilled its appointed share in the great task of public discussion on Friday last. One member moved "that the prevalent unrest, dissatisfaction and chaos are due to the class hatred deliberately fomented by the political aspirant." Another member opposed this motion, and the rest of us sat round and looked extremely grave. We are a well-trained assembly, so that a speaker had only to wag his finger and ask, "What is the cause of it all, gentlemen?" for us to respond in a solemn and pessimistic chorus, "Class hatred!"

The Suffragists, of course, came in for some severe and damaging criticism. One cannot smash thousands of pounds' worth of windows without incurring the displeasure and rebuke of the Wimbledon and West Putney Intellectuals. It was, we felt, our duty to refer to their outrages, but beneath our dignity to mention them at the inordinate length which Johnson thought fit to adopt. To show our disapproval of him and his subject, we all ceased looking extremely grave and went to sleep.

We were woken up by a shouted string of rhetorical questions, ending with a general "What, gentlemen, what, I ask you, is the cause of it?"

"Class hatred!" we chorused automatically.

"No, gentlemen, Class hatred!" and he sat down not a little pleased with himself.

A coal strike item in *The Evening News*—

"Alfreton (Derbyshire) magistrates adjourned rate summonses for a month."

A caterpillar who had neglected to pay his water rate was, however, refused relief.

A STORY OF A, B, C.

WHEN I'm going to town of a morning
Every day I meet
Three little girls with grace adorning
The long, grey aisle of a London street
(The Saints be kind to their class-
ward feet),
And I don't know what their names
— may be,
Never a one of all the three,
So we'll call them A and B and C.
And A's as slim as a willow,
And B's as nice as a bun,
And C's as pretty as sixpence,
And how shall the story run?

They go in orchard, apple-green dresses
(Best of Pomona's hues),
They wear the sun in their pig-tailed
tresses,
They wear the wind in their walking
shoes;
You wouldn't know which of the
three to choose.
Each of them fresh as an April day,
Each of them bright as a roundelay,
Each of them, C and B and A.
And A's the grace of a princess,
And B's as sweet as a rose,
And C, she's pretty as sixpence,
And that's how the story goes!

Now that's as far as our knowledge
reaches,
Fancy finds the end,
"Sugar and spice" for all and each is
Always there when it's "Let's
pretend;"

So 'tis settled that Fate's to send
Sugar and spice to all the three
(Letting them know it comes from me),
Each of them, A and B and C.
And A shall marry a marquis,
And B shall marry a squire,
And C (who's pretty as sixpence)
Whomever her dreams desire!

DYNAMIC ART.

It is very gratifying to learn that the Italian Futurists who are now flabbergasting London with the exhibition of their works at the Sackville Gallery will be succeeded during the coming summer by some even more wildly sensational Schools of Painting.

These consist of three groups (or speeds), the Present, the Imperfect, and the Pluperfect Subjunctivists, all hailing from the banditti-infested regions of Sicily, and they will give their performance at Olympia just after the horse show. They have thrown over the obsolete and archaic traditions of the Futurists, who "stand upon the summit of the world and cast their challenge to the stars."

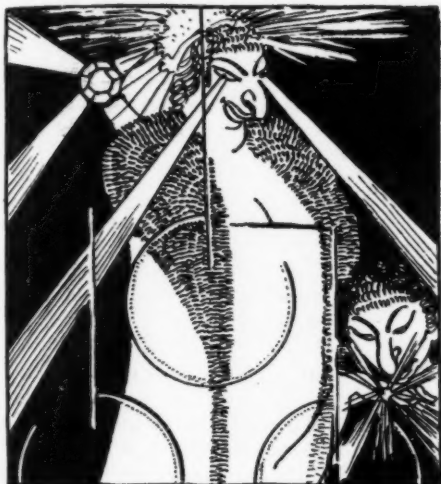
The Subjunctivists "sit upon the stars and bite their thumbs at the moon."

THE NEW SPIRIT.

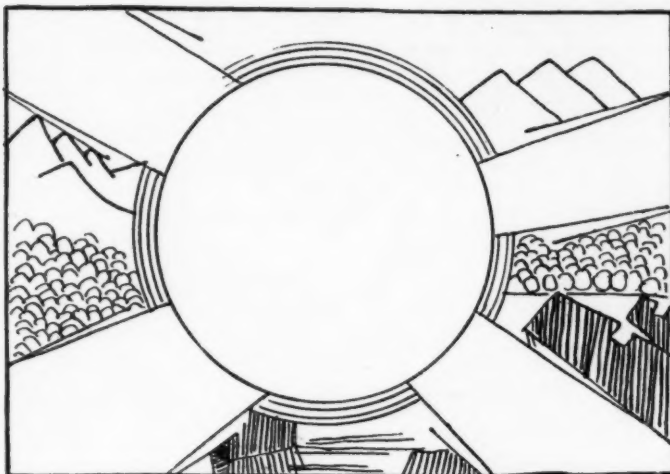
WHAT WE MAY SEE THIS YEAR AT BURLINGTON HOUSE IF FUTURISM PREVAILS.



THE HANGING COMMITTEE.

Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A.

PORTRAIT OF MISS GULDHEIMER.

J. Sargent, R.A.

"The red orb sinks, the toiler's day is done."

E. W. Leader, R.A.

The Futurists, in their own words, "create a sort of emotive ambience," they reproduce on canvas "no longer a fixed moment in universal dynamism, but the dynamic sensation itself."

What these old fogeys have failed to observe is that there is no reason why a work of art itself whilst being contemplated, nor the spectator who is gazing at it, should remain static.

Speed before all things, say the Subjunctivists, but let us not represent "the dynamic sensation," "the emotive ambience" on the mere canvas alone.

In accordance with this theory the temerarious visitor who enters the doors of their exhibition will be gagged, bound and blindfolded and carried roughly to the first Star Chamber.

There he will be placed on a kind of switchback railway, and, the handkerchief being removed from his eyes, will be permitted to gaze at the paintings whilst travelling round the walls of the room at a rate of forty miles an hour.



THE YOUNG SQUIRE'S WEDDING.

By H. H. La Thangue, A.R.A.

In the Second Chamber he will be fettered to the floor and a pistol placed at his head, whilst the canvases by an ingenious arrangement of chain-pulleys are hurled round and round, up and down and from side to side with astonishing violence and velocity.

In the Third Chamber the pictures will be placed in the centre of the room, and two enormous malefactors, seizing the visitor by the waist, will hurl him bodily through the front of the canvas, to be caught by their accomplices at the back.

All that remains will be sent here in a cab. Meanwhile it is instructive to note that jig-saw puzzles still hold their own in the provinces.

"At the Pole itself we were on a vast, apparently level area, with a slight slope away southward."

Capt. Amundsen in "The Daily Chronicle."
He must have got to the North Pole by mistake.

MUSIC.

Mr. Punch has great pleasure in making room for the following professional notices of eminent musicians. But, as the subjoined announcements will sufficiently indicate, the privilege can be extended only to artists of established position and widely renowned accomplishments.

MR. VOSPER JOWLES (Basso), at liberty for Oratorios, Opera, At Homes, Bazaars, Cantillations, City Dinners, Raffles, etc. Fees moderate.

Mr. Vosper Jowles is a sane and reliable basso. The range of his voice is colossal, extending from the low B flat (below the bridge) to the high A (above the St. Leger nut). His repertory consists of German *Lieder*, French *Chansons*, Italian *Canzone* and English songs, ballads and chanties.

Mr. Vosper Jowles was born in Vancouver, but has studied in France, Germany and Italy, as the following synopsis will explain:—

M. BOUHOUTY (600 lessons), Voice production.

M. CÉSAR BLUM (450 lessons), Laryngology.

Signor SQUARCIONE (500 lessons), *Bel canto*.

Signor ARRIGO POLPI (200 lessons), the shake.

Professor MARCUS BLASS (100 lessons), breathing.

HON. CHARLES PARSONS, F.R.S. (correspondence lessons), Hydroplane song.

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE (150 lessons), Diet and dress.

Professor QUASIND (6 months), Gymnastics and weight-lifting.

SIR H. H. HOWORTH (3 weeks), the ethics of controversy.

Professor BEPPO DE TRUFFITT, Capillary attraction.

Professor HOKUSAI, Ju-jitsu.

Mr. Vosper Jowles is 6 feet in height, and his chest measurement, fully expanded, is 45 inches.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

The vocalist of the evening was Mr. Vosper Jowles, a thorough basso of the first water. Mr. Jowles is fortunate in possessing a voice of remarkably rare quality, and he is a reliable expert in all branches.—*Stalybridge Sentinel*.

Mr. Vosper Jowles is the happy possessor of a voice of altogether exceptional *timbre*, which he employs with the requisite *verve* and *gusto*. His songs were "The Diver" (in costume), which he gave with a volume of tone that was quite encyclopædic; "My Love is a Borstal Girl" (Amy Fludyer Boole), and "O Chubbier than

the Bunny" (Dora Bibby), of which he gave a magnificent rendition.—*Western-super-Mare Courant*.

Mr. Jowles, who made his *début* last night, achieved an immediate and electrifying success. In an Italian buffo song he displayed a humour that was racy of the Eternal City and evoked enthusiastic plaudits from the audience, amongst whom we noticed Lady Bagge and Miss Dorothy Bagge, Sir Joshua Dodder, and the Rev. Dr. Mallaby Stopes.—*Chowbent Herald*.

Mr. Vosper Jowles has a bass voice of extraordinary power and penetration. This is a type which is all the more pleasing because it is only met with once in a hundred times. . . . We went home with his tones ringing in our ears.—*Dunton Green Sentinel*.

NASMYTH TONKS, Pianist. Only surviving favourite pupil of RUBINSTEIN.

SOME PRESS OPINIONS.

Mr. NASMYTH TONKS's playing is a boon to all who are hard of hearing.—*The Aurist*.

The profile of Mr. NASMYTH TONKS strongly recalls that of LISZT. . . . His pianistry has a stentorian glamour that is quite unique.—*Cuckfield Sentinel*.

Mr. TONKS's playing of CHOPIN's great Polonaise in A flat is the richest in dynamic contrasts that we have ever heard. He is the JACK JOHNSON of the keyboard.—*Sidecup Journal*.

A *chevelure* equal to that of PADEREWSKI in the zenith of his hirsute efflorescence.—*Hairdresser's Gazette*.

His butterfly tie is far larger than Sir HENRY WOOD's. . . . The best dressed pianist since THALBERG.—*Tailor and Cutter*.

Nasmyth Tonks, the great All-British Pianist. Sole agents, Concert-direction Nathaniel Elfenbein.

SIMPLE ALL AT SEA.

THE child lay half asleep—the flames flickered and kept the shadows dancing on the wall. He had been ill, and the days seemed interminable.

Suddenly, out of the twilight a shadowy castle appeared, and from it stepped a tiny grey man no bigger than your hand.

"Boy," said he, "my name is Simple, and I have come to find out why you are so weary. You seem to have kind rich parents, a doctor to make you well, and a warm bed to lie in—what more, then, do you want?"

"I don't want any more," said the boy. "I am only tired."

And as he spoke his mouth drooped at the corners as if he were about to cry.

"I should like to make you less tired," said Simple. "Look what I can give you to play with;" and he went into the castle, and returned with a small tin soldier, arms stiff and musket shouldered.

"What a ridiculous person!" said the boy. "He has no colour left on his uniform and he cannot even move his arms. Why, I have a complete regiment of Life Guards in my toy cupboard, another of Grenadiers, besides about three hundred odd soldiers of Infantry regiments."

"Perhaps then," said Simple, rather sadly, "you would like to see a little tinder box I have here, from which you can make *real* sparks. Think of that!"

But when the boy saw the tinder box, he only sneered and said, "I don't think much of that dirty old thing. Why, I have a dry cell battery from which I can work an electric motor, and my sister's doll's house has got electric light, besides an electric lift!"

"May I show you my boat, then?" said Simple. "I have made it of real newspaper, with a wooden mast, and a little painted flag at the top. It floats, too."

"Thank you for nothing," said the boy. "I've got a super-Dreadnought more than two feet long, driven by electricity—besides two model submarines; and Father has promised me a toy fire-engine big enough to ride on for my next birthday, if I promise to take my medicine without crying."

"I can think of nothing, then, to amuse you," said Simple. "Yes, wait! There is still Miss Tinsel Roze, whom you have never seen—the most beautiful dancer in the whole world."

He opened the door of the castle, and out tripped the daintiest lady imaginable, dressed in pink gauze with a rose in her golden hair.

"Pooh!" said the boy, "That! Why, that is only a silly paper doll! We have dolls called Kids, with composition faces, glass eyes with real eyelashes, who speak and walk. And then we have the Greedy Gobblers, who open their mouths and eat—real food! Greedy Chuggy, and Festive Froggy, and Bunkawala—don't you know them?"

"I fear not, my little friend," said Simple. "But you seem happier now than when I came, so I shall leave you. Good-bye!"

And as he slowly vanished, his mouth drooped at the corners as though he would cry; but the boy never noticed. He was smiling at the thought of the ridiculous toys that Simple had thought amusing.



Hostess (at the conclusion of a Saturday-night game of bridge). "OH, DEAR, COLONEL! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND; IT'S TEN MINUTES PAST TWELVE; SUNDAY MORNING IN FACT!"

Colonel (a strict Sabbatarian). "NOT REALLY! DEAR, DEAR! STILL AS A MATTER OF FACT I WAS DUMMY DURING THE LAST TEN MINUTES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WERE it not that Mr. G. W. E. RUSSELL is one of those distinguished folk indulged by prescriptive literary right in the dangerous habit of gathering into a volume every now and again his scattered *obiter scripta*, I should bring in a verdict of "wilful bookmaking without extenuating circumstance" in the case of his *After-Thoughts* (GRANT RICHARDS); nay, should add a rider that the circumstances aggravated the guilt in that he has been disingenuous enough to make occasional pretence of applying the name of chapter to the quite discrete members of his pleasant, unblushing miscellany of essays, appreciations, reviews, obituaries, *j'n'sais quois*, reminiscential occasional articles and articlettes, in a manner that wouldn't deceive even the elect. It isn't necessary to say that on this so slender thread of a title—*After-Thoughts*—are strung some goodly pearls. G. W. E. R. has known and written about most of the know-worthy people for many decades; you have glimpses of the writer's large-souled enthusiasms and fugitive portraits of his friends and heroes and teachers. There is a notably fine tribute to FREDERICK DENISON MAURICE; and of more modern studies there's a jolly sketch of one TOMMY, squire, good fellow and deservedly M.P., extending over three (or four) "chapters" more or less, and a pleasant letter quoted from his morning budget: "SIR,—We are the Brass Band of Frogmarsh and we played when you was

elected but a little girl sate down on the drumhead and stove it in. May we ask you to give us another?" I see a further volume, *One Look Back*, announced (shortly) by the same author, and in spirit I have a vision of him bending inexorably over the trunk labelled *Paulo-Post Impressions*, and making no end of this kind of a book and a little too much of an excellent thing.

I suspect *The Woman Hunter* (STANLEY PAUL) of being two books. I fancy that Miss ARABELLA KENEALY, finding that the story of *Nerissa* and the Rev. Alan Hartland only panned out at a hundred-and-thirty printed pages, introduced *Clarence Bellairs* with the laudable intention of giving the public—in quantity, at any rate—their four-and-sixpence worth. Of the two sections the first is the better. I can swallow *Hartland*, the ascetic East-end vicar, who ends his eccentric career in a Trappist monastery. I do not say I do it easily, but I do it. Friend *Clarence*, however, bold, bad, strong, sardonic, passionate *Clarence*, straight from the three-volume novels where the Magnificent Ugly Men come from, will not pass. Still, *Nerissa* likes him. Of course, in a way he had a sort of claim upon her. She cannot help remembering that in a previous existence he had walled her up in an underground chamber and left her to starve to death. It is these little trifling acts of personal attention which win a woman's heart. *Clarence* remembers the incident too, and has the decency to be somewhat disturbed. ("Anathema! Anathema!" he

muttered, in a broken whisper. "Nor reste nor peace have I. O hearte of me! O hearte of me!" But he gets over it, and the marriage takes place. Whether it will be a happy one, who can say? Probably, before the honeymoon is over, *Clarence* will have thought out some other ingenious practical joke. He is that sort of man. But I wish *Nerissa* luck. She is a nice girl. And, if *Clarence's* homicidal tendencies do get the better of him and he does put an end to her chequered existence, I rather fancy that her last words will be, "Death, where is thy sting?"

The Quest of Glory (METHUEN) seems to me to be a beautiful, and quite hauntingly sad, story. I am wondering whether Miss MARJORIE BOWEN regretted the fate of her hero as much as I did. I fancy so, or she could hardly write about it in just the way she does—a kind of dignified tenderness that never degenerates into sentimentality. The result is a fine sense of distinction, without which this tale of the young *Marquis de Vauvenargues*, and his early death in Paris, broken, poor, and disfigured, would be almost intolerably painful. It is the Paris of 1740, whither *Luc* has come to seek that glory denied to him on the tented field. I shall not tell you more of how he fares, or how so much promise and beauty came by so hard a martyrdom. That you must read for yourself, and if the printed page can command your tears, prepare to shed them in the process. There is fortunately no need to praise Miss BOWEN's mastery of the historical novel. Her style has just the colour and movement which such a work requires, with some added touch of sincerity that redeems it from mere "tushery" and swashbuckling. Many famous personages have their part in the intrigue—*Louis the Well-Beloved*, the *Duc de Richelieu*, and *M. de Voltaire*, this last a finely-studied portrait. For one thing I was a little sorry. Why, I wonder, should the heroes of historical novels invariably meet the contemporary king and mistake him for somebody else? The habit is so universal that though both *Luc* and *Louis* carried it off gracefully and with as much originality as possible, I thought the incident unworthy both of them and of the lady who has written such a clever and otherwise unconventional story.

Without shame I confess that the first thing I look for in such a collection as *The White Wallet* (FISHER UNWIN) is the index. Let me say at once that Lady GLENCONNER has been at pains to direct her readers clearly, and that those who dabble in her book will be hard to please if they do not find prose and poetry to their liking. Moreover, some things have been rescued from oblivion which were crying for somebody to save them. To my thanks, however,

I must add a very honest protest, for my gratitude to the collector received a rude buffet on pages 236-7. Here we are given some verses written by a child, which were born—and ought to have remained—in the nursery. The inclusion of these verses is in itself a mistake, but the situation becomes positively absurd when one turns over the page and finds HENLEY's lines:—

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

I am inclined to think that HENLEY must have had budding poets in his mind when he wrote these lines.

Whatever may be the unhappinesses of Ireland as a whole,

there would seem to be some districts whose entire population is so devoted to conversational humour on the subject of horseflesh that no reforms would be of any interest to them unless they provided stiffer fences and more hunting mornings in a year. In her knowledge of these things DOROTHEA CONYERS shows herself a quite formidable rival to the joint authors of *The Experiences of an Irish R.M.* and the successors of that wonderful work. *The Arrival of Antony* (HUTCHINSON) is the story of a young man brought up in Germany, who, having never climbed upon the back of a horse before, comes to *Bally Ennis* to live with his supposed uncles, *Tim* and *Tom*, purveyors of hacks to the surrounding countryside. His adventures provide some very amusing reading, and I need hardly say that he finds romance (in the person of *Kathleen Moore*) on the hunting field. What else would he be after doing? With a book so racy I am loath to find fault, but honesty compels



PARIS HAS RECENTLY ADOPTED A LAW AGAINST THE THROWING AWAY OF PAPER IN THE STREETS. WHEN A SIMILAR LAW IS ENFORCED IN LONDON THE ABOVE WILL BE THE PROBABLE APPEARANCE OF A CITY TRAVELLER ON HIS RETURN HOME AFTER A BUSY DAY SPENT CHIEFLY ON MOTOR-BUSES AND TRAM-CARS.

me to state that the authoress does not negotiate the difficulties of English syntax with the same ease that she displays over timber, and that her plot, which depends upon the substitution of one baby for another, is a trifle antique. Also there is that little error, already noticed by *Mr. Punch*, about *Marcus Aurelius* jumping into the chasm. But in extenuation of this let me plead that *Antony Doyle* (who was really *Antony Moore* and a cousin of *Kathleen's*) was far too nice and modest a young man to be compared to a conceited bounder like *Mettus* (or *Mettius*) *Curtius*.

"He rose and clicked his heels together, making a profound bow. 'This is Fräulein Mar, that I have it the honour to meet!' he demanded pompously in excellent English."—*"Daily Mail"* feuilleton. One can quite understand his being pompous.

"A coal dealer has captured a snake over a yard long in a railway truck at Bishops Stortford station."—*Evening News*. We were wondering how these coal dealers were employing their time just now.